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Danger Girl AND THE ARMY OF DARKNESS™

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Danger Girl AND THE ARMY OF DARKNESS™

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MY NAME IS ABBEY CHASE.

AND WHAT I DO IS FIND THINGS.

OBTAIN THINGS.

THINGS THAT NOBODY ELSE CAN.

THESE ARE THINGS PEOPLE KILL FOR.

THINGS PEOPLE DIE FOR.

PEOPLE JUST LIKE TAU AND HIS GOONS.

I WORK WITH A SECRET ORGANIZATION CALLED **DANGER GIRL.**

TOGETHER, WE SOLVE PROBLEMS.

SAVE THE WORLD.

THAT SORT OF THING.

BEFORE DANGER GIRL, I WAS ON MY OWN.

DOING THINGS THAT WERE... FROWNED UPON.

TAKING WHAT I WANTED.

MAKING ENEMIES.

THOSE YEARS AS A THIEF PUT A PRICE ON MY HEAD.

A PRICE SO BIG THAT IT EVEN STANDS...

...TO THIS DAY.

SO I DECIDED TO TRY AND MAKE THINGS RIGHT WITH THE MOST... PERSISTENT OF MY FOES.

TURNS OUT THE GENERAL'S BROTHER IS IN SOME SERIOUS TROUBLE.

WHICH EXPLAINS THEM STEPPING UP THEIR LATEST PURSUIT--THEY DIDN'T WANT TO KILL ME, THEY NEEDED MY HELP!

ANYWAY, THE BROTHER GOT HIMSELF ABDUCTED BY MOROCCANS WHEN HE TRIED TO BUY SOME OLD BOOK. SOMETHING EVIL, THEY SAY.

THERE'S AN AMULET THAT COUNTERS THE BOOK'S SUPPOSED DARK POWERS. SAME AMULET AS IN MY BAG. SHOULD BE ABLE TO SWAP IT FOR THE BROTHER.

A LOT OF THESE SOUTH AFRICAN MERCS LIKE TO DABBLE IN THE OCCULT. MESS AROUND WITH BLACK MAGIC.

THEY THINK IT'LL MAKE THEM INVINCIBLE.

MAYBE EVEN IMMORTAL.

WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES, EVERY ONE OF THEM WILL BE DEAD.

NEW YORK

YOU SHOULD TOTALLY TEXT HIM.

WHO? *AUSTIN?* HE PROBABLY THINKS I'M BORING.

BORING? VALERIE, YOU ALREADY WENT TO *COLLEGE.* AT OXFORD. IN LIKE...

ENGLAND.

...OR WHATEVER.

SEE? YOU'RE LIKE, *SCARY SMART.*

AND YOU HAVE THAT WHOLE *MYSTERY GIRL* THING GOING ON FOR YOU.

I KNOW! SOMETIMES WE CAN'T EVEN FIND YOU FOR LIKE, *DAYS AT A TIME!*

WHAT'S UP WITH *THAT?*

LOOK, I'M NO MYSTERY GIRL, OKAY?

MY UNCLE TRAVELS A LOT. HE HAS CATS. I'M THE SITTER.

LIKE I SAID, BORING.

OMG! IS THAT YOUR PHONE?

IT'S PROBABLY AUSTIN!

ZRING ZRING

NOT AUSTIN.

YOUR MOM?

SHE ACTS LIKE IT.

ZRING ZRING

NO. NO. NO. YOU ARE NOT CHECKING UP ON ME...

NOT NOW. NOT WHILE YOU'RE ON...

...VACATION?

ARE YOU NOT ON VACATION, ABBEY?

AM I DRINKING PIÑA COLADAS, VAL?

DO YOU SEE ME IN A BIKINI, VAL?!

WHAT I SEE IS A SUDDEN END TO MY SOCIAL LIFE.

QUITE SUDDEN, I'M AFRAID.

DEUCE?

I MEAN, UH...UNCLE DEUCE?

VALERIE. IT'S TIME.

OMG, VAL. YOUR UNCLE IS HOT.

PRETENDING NOT TO HEAR YOU, MEGAN.

I JUST MEANT FOR LIKE, AN OLDER GUY, VAL.

HOT!

DELETING YOU FROM MY FRIENDS LIST, MEGAN!

WERE YOU LIKE, SPYING ON US?

SPYING?

YOU, MY DEAR, READ FAR TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS.

FWWWIP!

...VALERIE? ...DEUCE?!

THIS IS ME, ACKNOWLEDGING HOW BAD MY SOLO PLAN WAS.

SO, IF YOU TWO COULD SOMEHOW HELP? MAYBE SOMETIME AROUND NOW?

JUST TAGGED YOUR LOCATION, ABBEY.

HOW LONG WILL YOU BE IN THE AIR?

NOT LONG, WOULD BE MY GUESS!

WHAT'S YOUR OPPOSITION? THE SCOPE OF THEIR WEAPONRY?

ABOUT A *HUNDRED* REBELS. FIRING OFF... WELL PRETTY MUCH *EVERYTHING.*

AND *THEN* SOME!

WE'LL TRY TO FORWARD YOU SOME FIREPOWER.

...ABBEY?!

JUST TELL US WHAT YOU NEED, ABBEY.

WE LOST HER!

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

PAKOW

PAKOW

PAKOW

PAKOW
PAKOW
PAKOW

KRA
KAKRAKAAK

KRA-
KOOO

I GOT A LOCK ON THE BROTHER. BUT HIS SIGNAL IS FADING. AND FAST.

LET'S MOVE.

LOVE TO, CHASE. RIGHT AFTER YOU TAKE OUT THE MINI-GUN IN OUR WAY.

MINI-GUN? WHAT MINI-GUN?

KK ZING

KK ZING

KRA KAKRAKAAK

THAT'D BE THE ONE!

ABBEY?! YOU HIT A ROAD BLOCK?!

ARTILLERY NEST.

NO GETTING AROUND IT. NOT IN TIME.

PAINT THE TARGET, ABBEY.

GZZZT

45°.10.HE

KLIK

TARGET PAINTED.

WE GOT FRIENDS OUT HERE, DEUCE?

FRIENDS IN A CARRIER GROUP, ABBEY. NOT FAR FROM YOUR POSITION.

AND I DO BELIEVE *ADMIRAL COX* OWES US MORE THAN A FAVOR.

ZMMMMM

A *FAVOR?*

DOES THIS FAVOR HAVE *WINGS*, DEUCE?

SOME *LASER-GUIDED HELLFIRES?* MAYBE?

THEY'RE SCRAMBLING A *DRONE* NOW, ABBEY.

ENGAGEMENT IN 90 SECONDS.

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME DOWN HERE, CHASE.

HEAVY WEAPONS WENT DOWN WITH THE BIRD.

SO, LIKE I SAID-- THERE'S *NO WAY* WE'RE GETTING PAST THAT *MINI-GUN!*

AND, LIKE I SAID--

"MINI-GUN?"

WEAPONS SYSTEMS ONLINE
PRIMARY TARGET LOCKED
SECONDARY TARGETS... LOCKED

ENGAGE ALL TARGETS

FROOSH

FROOSH

FROOSH

"...WHAT MINI-GUN?"

KRA-

BOOM

HELLO? SOMEONE IN NEED OF A *RESCUE?*

ABBEY?

ABBEY CHASE?!

MAYBE. AND HOW WOULD *YOU* KNOW?

YOU HAVE A *REPUTATION*, MS. CHASE.

AND IF YOU'RE HERE TO *STEAL THE BOOK*, YOU'RE *TOO LATE.*

I'M NOT HERE FOR ANY BOOK. YOUR BROTHER SENT ME TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.

THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT THE *AMULET.*

THE *ANKH AMULET?* IT ACTUALLY *EXISTS?*

IN ALL ITS GLORY, PAL.

AND I WAS SUPPOSED TO TRADE *IT* FOR *YOU.*

WHERE ARE THE MEN WHO ABDUCTED YOU?

THEY RAN. RAN FOR THEIR LIVES WHEN THEY HEARD THE EXPLOSIONS.

AND THE *BOOK?*

IT WAS *HERE.* THE BOOK WAS *IN MY HANDS* BEFORE THEY LITERALLY *TORE IT AWAY.*

BUT NOT BEFORE I GRABBED *THIS.*

OH MY GOD... IT CAN'T BE...

IS THIS FROM...?!

INDEED IT IS, MS. CHASE.

I KNOW YOU'VE *STUDIED* THE BOOK...

...AND WE *BOTH KNOW* THIS PAGE WILL *LEAD US RIGHT BACK TO IT.*

NO!

I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS!

I'M TAKING YOU BACK AND I'M *DONE!*

BUT THERE IS NO REASON TO *FEAR THE BOOK,* MS. CHASE. NOT WHILE WE HAVE THE *AMULET* TO COUNTER ITS EVIL *SPELLS.*

WE *MUST* MOVE ON TO *RETRIEVE THE BOOK.*

WE *MUST* BEFORE THESE MEN UNLEASH ITS *DARK* AND *DANGEROUS POWER.*

I MADE A DEAL WITH YOUR BROTHER! A DEAL TO GET YOU *OUT OF THIS MESS!*

ALIVE!

AND THAT IS *ALL* I'M DOING! *GOT IT?!*

KKZING

WE RISKED OUR LIVES... AND YOU JUST KILL HIM?

WHY?

ALL TO KEEP THAT PRICE ON MY HEAD?

A PRICE THAT'S NOW DOUBLED, CHASE.

NOW THAT YOU KILLED HIM.

SETTING ME UP WON'T BE THAT EASY, PAL.

NOT WHEN YOU SHOULD'VE KILLED ME FIRST!

I'LL GET TO THAT.

RIGHT AFTER YOU TRANSLATE THIS PAGE.

RIGHT AFTER YOU TELL ME EXACTLY HOW AND WHERE TO FIND THIS DAMN BOOK.

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE. WE HAD A DEAL!

AND THIS BULLET IS CHANGING THAT DEAL!

START TALKING, CHASE!

...KANDAR

...ESTADO

...KRENDAAA!

IN ENGLISH, CHASE!

WHAT THE HELL CAN THIS THING DO?!

IT'S... INSIDE... MY HAND?!

I'M... IT'S... KILLING ME!

YOU FIX THIS, CHASE!

YOU FIX THIS NOW OR I'LL CUT IT RIGHT OFF!

THIS AND THEN YOUR GOD DAMN HEAD!

YOU MADE YOUR OWN PROBLEMS, PAL. ALL BY YOUR OWN HAND.

EEEH-HEE-HEEE!

WHAAAT THHHE--

BOOM

...Val? ...You there? ...I could really use... that vacation ...about now.

THERE'S A HELICOPTER EN ROUTE FOR YOU, ABBEY.

ARE YOU GONNA BE OKAY?

OKAY AS I NEED TO BE.

BUT THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET A WHOLE LOT WORSE.

FOR *ALL OF US.*

THAT *BOOK.*

IT'S THE *NECRONOMICON EX-MORTIS.*

THE *WHAT?*

ROUGHLY TRANSLATED? *THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.*

OKAY... THAT *DOES NOT* SOUND GOOD, ABBEY.

AND IT ACTUALLY DOES HOLD SOME KIND OF DARK POWER, VAL. AND WHAT'S WORSE... *IT'S MISSING.*

BUT I HAVE A PAGE. A PAGE THAT CAN LEAD US BACK TO IT.

BUT SOMEHOW... THE PAGE IS *CHANGING.*

I CAN'T EVEN READ IT ANYMORE, VAL.

THE WORDS HAVE CHANGED... INTO AN *IMAGE.*

AN IMAGE OF A *MAN.*

A MAN? DO YOU THINK HE'S SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP US?

I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, VAL.

BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND HIM.

CHAPTER TWO

MY NAME IS ASH.

AND WHAT I USED TO DO WAS FIGHT THINGS.

SPECIFICALLY--

THESE KINDS OF THINGS.

POW

ASH!

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

MANDY?!

OH MY GOD! I'M SORRY!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE--

OOOMPH!

KRAK

THOUGHT I WAS WHAT?!

SOMETHING OTHER THAN YOUR GIRLFRIEND?!

EX-GIRLFRIEND?

NOW?

I'M GUESSING?

DAMN RIGHT I'M YOUR EX!
NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE!
HEY, TAKE IT EASY! I'M LEAVING, OKAY?
EVERYTHING'S FINE NOW.
AFTERNOON, FRIEND.
GOT YOUR MAIL HERE.
POW
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!
ASSAULTING A LETTER CARRIER IS A FELONY!
OH MY GOD! I'M SORRY!
I MUST BE... HALLUCINATING?
SOMETHING'S GOTTA BE WRONG WITH--
YOUR EYES?!
AGH! DAMMIT!
I SAID I WAS SORRY, YOU CHEAP-SHOT-TAKING MOTHER--

BUSTER?! AW C'MON, PAL!

YEAH, I KNOW IT'S MANDY'S TOWEL. BUT DOES SHE REALLY NEED IT BACK RIGHT NOW?

GRRR

GET BACK HERE, YOU MANGY LITTLE MONGREL!

AIIIYYEEE!

AIIIYYEEE!

AIIIYYEEE!

SLAP

HELP! OVER HERE! THIS MAN IS HIGH ON DRUGS!

AND HE'S EXPOSING HIS SWOLLEN GENITALS!

SWOLLEN FROM A PRE-EXISTING INJURY, LADY!

NO NEED TO INCITE THE WHOLE DAMN NEIGHBOR-HOOD!

I DON'T DESERVE THIS. NOT THIS TIME. IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT I'VE GONE CRAZY AGAIN.

THIS TIME, THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE TO BLAME...

...SOMEONE WHO MUST HAVE FOUND AND STARTED TINKERING WITH--

THAT DAMN BOOK!

NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS.

ROUGHLY TRANSLATED, "BOOK OF THE DEAD."

THE DAMN THING'S BEEN AFTER ME FOR YEARS NOW.

EVER SINCE THE FIRST NIGHT WE STAYED IN THAT BLASTED CABIN. THAT SAME EERIE NIGHT WHEN--

THE BOOK AWOKE SOMETHING DARK IN THE WOODS.

IT TOOK LINDA.

AND THEN IT CAME...

...FOR ME.

IT GOT INTO MY HAND AND IT WENT BAD.

SO I LOPPED IT OFF AT THE WRIST.

BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP IT.

IT CAME BACK...

BIG TIME.

IN TRYING TO DESTROY THE BOOK, SOME SORT OF **TIME TUNNEL** WAS OPENED...

I WOUND UP IN THE YEAR 1300 A.D.

AND I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THAT HAPPENED--

BUT THESE IDIOTS LOOKED AT ME AS SOME KIND OF SAVIOR. EVEN CALLED ME THE CHOSEN ONE. THEY THOUGHT I COULD HELP THEM DEFEAT THIS ROTTEN DEADITE ARMY.

THE LOCAL PRIMITIVES OF THAT ERA HAD THEIR OWN PROBLEMS WITH THE NECRONOMICON. THEY SAID THE BOOK HAD UNLEASHED SOME KIND OF ARMY OF DARKNESS.

THEY WERE RIGHT.

SO WITH THE ARMY OF DARKNESS DEFEATED AND THE BOOK IN HAND, THE WISE MAN COOKED UP A FANCY POTION--ONE HE PROMISED WOULD SEND ME BACK TO MY OWN TIME.

AND IT WORKED. I'M BACK. BUT NOW...?

WELL, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I'M IN AN EVEN BIGGER MESS.

ALL BECAUSE SOMEONE FOUND THE NECRONOMICON.

HAIL TO THE KING!

THEY MUST HAVE READ FROM THE BOOK. MAYBE DAMAGED IT SOMEHOW. PROBABLY WENT AND TRIGGERED SOME KIND OF NASTY NEW SPELL THAT I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF!

WHY ELSE WOULD I BE HAVING VISIONS OF DEADITES?

BUT HOW DO I FIND THIS SOMEONE...

...WHEN I CAN'T EVEN LOOK AT ANYONE?!

WELL, MAYBE IT'S OVER NOW.

MAYBE IT'S COOL IF I JUST TAKE A PEEK.

MAYBE--

I'M WITH STUPID

--I REALLY AM WITH STUPID.

NORTH AFRICA

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH, GENERAL..."

THAT... *THING* IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU REALIZE.

YOU NEED SOMEONE WHO *UNDERSTANDS IT.* SOMEONE WHO'S STUDIED ITS *MYSTERIOUS WAYS.*

SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP YOU *HARNESS ITS POWER.*

AND I SUPPOSE THAT *SOMEONE* IS *YOU*, MR. CORBIN.

INDEED IT IS, OLD CHAP.

NOW, IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO--

THE *SAME SOMEONE* WHO *BUTCHERED* MY OWN BROTHER!

IT... *WASN'T ME*, GENERAL KAGE. IT WAS THA-- *AAGK!*

IT WAS THAT *MURDEROUS THIEF* YOU SO FOOLISHLY HIRED--

ABBEY CHASE!

IT WAS YOU WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE WITH THE BOOK, MR. CORBIN.

AS FOR MS. CHASE...

THE WOMAN WAS WORKING FOR ME. WE HAD A DEAL.

WORKING FOR YOU? ABBEY CHASE WORKS FOR NO ONE.

SHE MUST HAVE KNOWN THE NECRONOMICON WAS INVOLVED.

SHE WANTED THE DAMN THING FOR HERSELF.

AND YOU BELIEVE SHE HAS THE MISSING PAGE?

SHE STOLE IT STRAIGHT FROM MY HANDS, GENERAL. I SWEAR TO YOU.

AND WITHOUT THAT PAGE, YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT HAVING ANY SORT OF COMMAND OVER THAT EVIL BOOK.

AYYYYIE!

YAGGG

EXCUSE ME, GENERAL...

BUT IS THERE PERHAPS A VERY LARGE, VERY CARNIVOROUS, AND PERHAPS VERY HUNGRY TYPE OF JUNGLE CAT ON THE PREMISES?

GRRROWWW

I CAN HELP YOU FIND THAT MISSING PAGE, GENERAL!

I HAVE CONTACTS WHO CAN LOCATE CHASE!

AND WHY WOULD I NEED TO FIND HER? IF SHE *IS* AFTER THE BOOK, SHE WILL COME TO *ME*.

THAT MAY NOT BE WHAT YOU WANT. SHE RUNS WITH A NEW CROWD THESE DAYS. SHE HAS *POWERFUL FRIENDS.*

BUT I CAN HELP YOU. I KNOW HOW CHASE OPERATES.

AND WHO ARE HER POWERFUL FRIENDS, MR. CORBIN?

THEY'RE *COVERT OPERATIVES. SPIES.* ALL PART OF SOME SORT OF *INTERNATIONAL TEAM.* THEY CALL IT--

"DANGER GIRL."

DANGER GIRL.

INTERESTING.

THANK YOU, MR. CORBIN.

AND *GOODBYE*, MR. CORBIN.

GENERAL, PLEASE! *NO!*

WE DON'T HAVE TO SAY GOODB--

AYYYIIEE!

OKAY, SO THIS KIND OF, UM... MAYBE JUST SLIGHTLY, UH...

PROBABLY LOOKS LIKE THE MOST HORRENDOUS THING YOU EVER SAW.

I CAN EXPLAIN...

GET DOWN ON THE GROUND!

YOU CAN POCKET YOUR LITTLE TAZER THERE, CHIEF. BECAUSE THESE NUT JOBS WERE ATTACKING *ME*.

SO JUST LOOK AT IT AS... A LITTLE LESS WORK FOR YOU.

I SAID DON'T MOVE!

YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN 'EM WITH THEIR HOWLING AND PRANCING AROUND, PRETENDING TO BE GHOULS AND MONSTERS AND ALL THAT--

THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!

I'M WITH STUPID

ALL I DID WAS KNOCK 'EM SILLY, SEE? MAKES IT EASY FOR YOU TO BOOK 'EM ONCE I'M GONE.

BECAUSE I GOTTA, UM... GO GET AN *EYE EXAM* NOW. SO, UH...

WE COOL?

--uunng

Pok

NOT COOL?

GYAAAA

I'M WITH STUPID

ZZZRK

G-ZZZ-G-ZZZ-ZZZK

IS TH-TH-THAT... ALL YA G-G-GOT?!

EGZZZRK

D-D-DOESN'T EXACTLY TICKLE, D-D-DOES IT, P-P-PAL?

OKAY THEN-- YOWWCH!

ADD *THAT* TO THE LIST OF THINGS I WON'T LET HAPPEN--

I'M WITH STUPID

--AGAIN?

AW SHH--

POK POK POK

POK POK POK

I'M WITH
STUPID

"I'M JUST DOING WHAT ABBEY ASKED, DEUCE."

"I'M TRYING TO FIND HIM"

"AND WITH THIS PAGE BEING LIKE, A THOUSAND YEARS OLD, IT'S GONNA TAKE SOME TIME."

searching

SCREEN...

VAMPIRE BOYFRIENDS DO THEY SUCK?

LIKE THE TIME YOU'RE WASTING ON THE INTERNET? MAYBE CHATTING WITH A FRIEND NAMED AUSTIN?

TIME *SCANNING* THE 'NET, DEUCE. *FACIAL RECOGNITION.*

I'M HOPING THERE'S A LIBRARY, A MUSEUM... *ANYTHING* THAT COULD TELL US WHO THIS GUY *WAS.*

AND JEEZ... *AUSTIN?* THAT *BOY* IS *SO* LAST WEEKEND.

I'M INTO *REAL MEN* NOW.

ANY CHANCE WE'LL SWING BY TRANSYLVANIA?

VALERIE? DEUCE? FIND ANYTHING YET?

FACIAL-RECOGNITION DETECTED
100% MATCH
PROCESSING DATA

AS A MATTER OF FACT, ABBEY--

KAPOW!

WAIT-- THIS IS A *MUGSHOT?*

FROM *TODAY?*

BUT *HOW?* *WHO IS THIS DUDE?*

JOHN DOE
32572-91973

DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, VALERIE, BUT YOUR COMPUTER IS CALLING HIM A MATCH.

SAYS HERE HE WAS BOOKED THIS MORNING.

BUT HOW COULD HE BE THE SAME GUY? THAT PAGE IS LIKE --

MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS OLD. I KNOW.

THE GUY YOU FOUND MUST BE A BLOOD DESCENDANT.

THIS PAGE MAY LEAD US BACK TO THE NECRONOMICON, DEUCE, BUT ONCE WE FIND IT--

THAT MAN MAY BE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DESTROY IT.

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

SNEAK INTO A *FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER?*

TRY TO *BUST HIM OUT?*

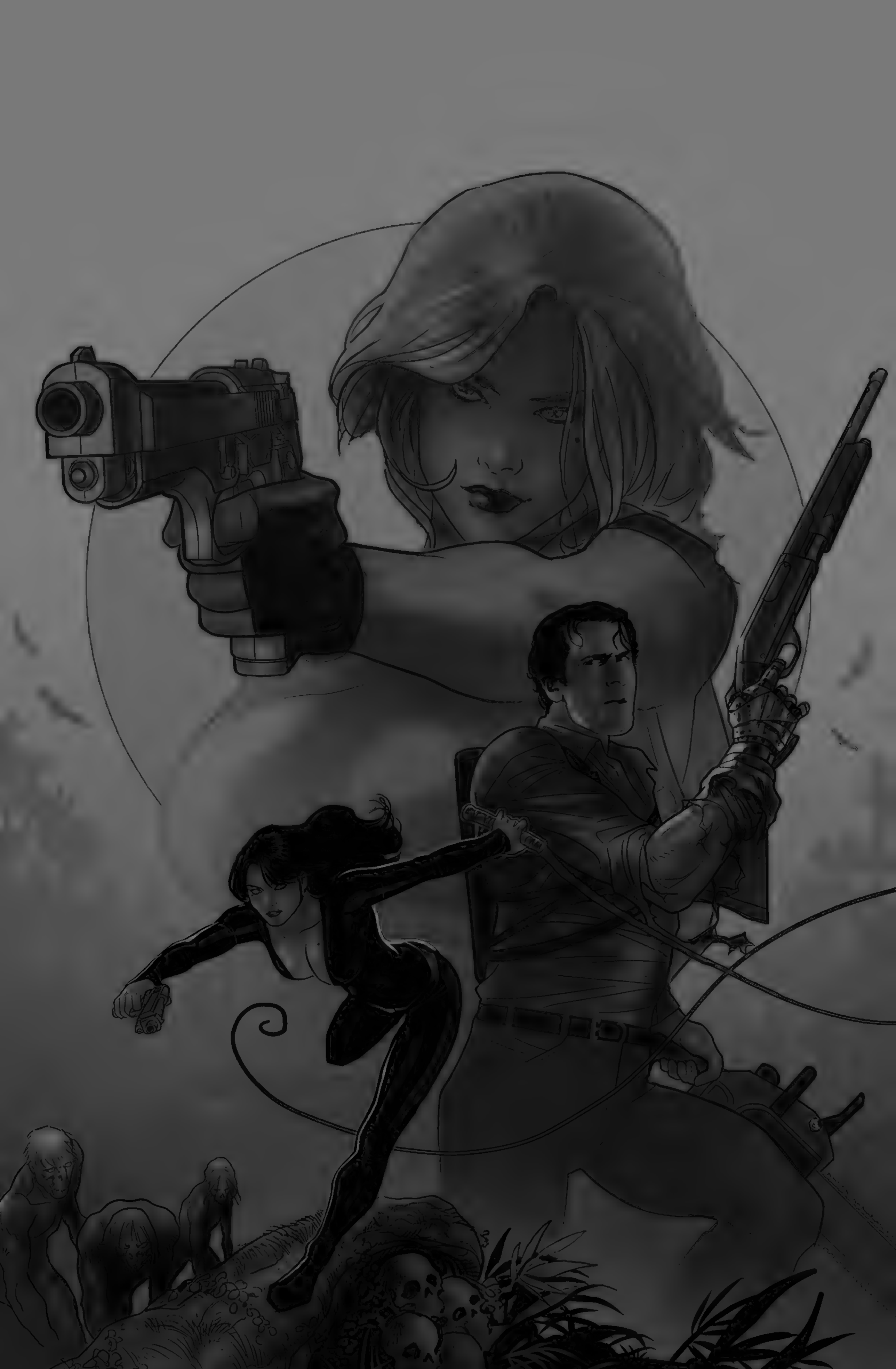
THAT'S CRAZY, DEUCE. IT'S JUST TOO--

DANGEROUS?

I HOPE SO, VAL...

BECAUSE I'M DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION.

CHAPTER
THREE



MY NAME IS SYDNEY SAVAGE.

AND WHAT I DO...

...IS INFILTRATE.

FWAK

INFILTRATE IS A DANGEROUS WORD...

...USED ONLY BY THIEVES, THRILL-SEEKERS OR SPIES.

I'M ALL THREE.

chhk

DESCEND

FINDING AN ENTRY POINT IS EASY. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN GOOD AT THAT PART.

BUT ONCE I'M INSIDE? THE PART WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO TURN INVISIBLE?

WZZZZZP

WHAT WAS THAT?

FDC

THOOMP

THAT PART TOOK YEARS TO PERFECT.

FSSSSSSP

WHEN I FIRST STARTED SNEAKING INTO PLACES, I'D GET SPOTTED ALL THE TIME.

BY MY MOM. MY DAD. EVEN MY KID SISTER.

DIDN'T SEEM LIKE A PROBLEM AT THE TIME.

BUT WHEN THE FUN DIDN'T LAST, I DECIDED TO STEP UP MY GAME. MY MISSIONS WOULD NOW INVOLVE **STRATEGY**...

STEP ONE IS RECONNAISSANCE. YOU HAVE TO STUDY YOUR ENVIRONMENT.

WIKKED VIXXEN "21 AND OVER"

LIVE TONIGHT!

With Special Guests:

DEAD MEAT

"21 AND OVER"

STEP TWO? BLEND IN TO THAT ENVIRONMENT.

ONE WAY IS WITH A FALSE IDENTITY. ANOTHER IS BY USE OF CAMOUFLAGE.

STEP THREE? COVER YOUR TRACKS.

I LEARNED THAT LATER. THE HARD WAY. ONLY AFTER MY DAD FOUND THIS PIECE OF EVIDENCE.

YEP -- THAT'S ME UP TOP THERE. THE PIC THAT SENT THIS GIRL TO MILITARY SCHOOL.

BESIDES THOSE FANCY LITTLE BERETS, WHICH I HATED, THE SCHOOL WASN'T ALL THAT BAD.

HARTNELL

MATTER OF FACT, SOME OF US EVEN GOT A KICK OUT OF IT.

LARUE

I WAS 18 WHEN I GRADUATED, AND IT WAS TIME TO PUT MY TRAINING INTO ACTION.

I WAS STILL NO ANGEL, BUT ALL I NEEDED WAS FOR SOMEONE TO NOTICE ME.

FOR SOMEONE TO REALIZE I HAD POTENTIAL.

SMASHING.

HIS DAYS AS AN **MI6 AGENT** WERE BEHIND HIM, BUT **DEUCE** WAS GETTING BACK INTO THE GAME.

HE WAS RECRUITING YOUNG WOMEN TO FORM AN **INTERNATIONAL SPY TEAM.**

AND WHILE HE WAS VAGUE ON THE DETAILS, HE DID OFFER ONE SPECIFIC --

-- OUR MISSIONS WOULD INVOLVE EXTREME ELEMENTS OF **DANGER.**

DEUCE GAVE ME TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, BUT I HAD ALREADY MADE MY DECISION.

I WANTED TO HELP. I WANTED TO CONTRIBUTE.

I WANTED TO KICK SOME BAD GUY'S ASS WHILE LOOKING HOT IN A VINTAGE CATSUIT.

I WANTED TO BECOME...

...A DANGER GIRL.

DOCTOR LAUREN ALIA, RECORDING INITIAL EVALUATION OF FEDERAL DETAINEE KNOWN AS "JOHN DOE."

FDC

JOHN DOE

32572-91973

DETAINEE CHARGED WITH MULTIPLE VIOLENT CRIMES AGAINST CIVILIANS AND LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT.

DETAINEE CLAIMS ASSAULTS OCCURRED ONLY AFTER VICTIMS REVEALED THEMSELVES AS *DEMONS*. DEMONS DISPATCHED BY AN *EVIL BOOK* WHICH COMMANDS THEM TO *SWALLOW HUMAN SOULS*.

DETAINEE COMMITTED ASSAULTS WHILE WIELDING A PROSTHETIC HAND CONSTRUCTED OF ANTIQUATED METALS.

DETAINEE CLAIMS METAL PROSTHESIS WAS FORGED BY HIMSELF IN THE YEAR 1300 A.D.

DETAINEE IS SUFFERING FROM SEVERE PARANOIA AND TERRIFYING HALLUCINATIONS.

DETAINEE IS CONSIDERED EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

DETAINEE --

HAS A VISITOR.

KLANG
KLANG
HEY. YO. PSYCHO!
YOU SLEEPING IN THERE?!
YEAH, I'M SLEEPING. SO IF YOU WANNA BEAT YOUR STICK, TRY IT SOMEPLACE ELSE.
SOME OF US DO THAT KIND OF THING IN PRIVATE!
I'M WITH STUPID
BEAT IT SOMEPLACE ELSE, HUH?
KLANK
HOW ABOUT ACROSS YOUR HEAD?
PSYCHO!

ka-chik

FDC
DR. LAUREN ALIA
MENTAL HEALTH SPECIALIST
SECURITY CLEARANCE
GOLD

kzzzk

klik

FDC
DR LAUREN ALIA
MENTAL HEALTH SPECIALIST
SECURITY CLEARANCE
GOLD

YOU REST EASY, DOC. AND THANKS FOR ALL YOUR *HELP.*

I'M ALREADY STARTING TO FEEL LIKE A *NEW WOMAN.*

KLAK

DOCTOR LAUREN ALIA, HERE TO FURTHER EVALUATE FEDERAL DETAINEE "JOHN DOE."

THE PSYCHO? GUY'S BEEN TRYING TO GET SOME SLEEP, DOC. FIGURED I'D FINALLY *LET HIM HAVE IT.*

SO MAYBE YOU'LL *CATCH HIM SOME OTHER TIME.*

STOP. TURN AROUND SLOWLY.

AND LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS.

WHOA! HEY! NOW WAIT A MINUTE, DOC! WHY YOU POINTING THAT PIECE AT ME?

YOU THINK I'M THE PSYCHO?!

WELL, IF THE SHOE FITS...

IT'S CALLED A MEDIEVAL METAL FIST, LADY!

AND YEAH -- IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE!

WHAA-
KRAKKK

NOW JUST SETTLE DOWN, BUSTER! I AM *NOT* WHO YOU THINK I AM!

SHOULD I HAVE SAID *PLEASE* SETTLE DOWN?

PRETTY PLEASE?

FWAAAHH

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE!

YOU'RE ONE OF *THEM!*

ONE OF THOSE UGLY, ROTTEN, FLESH-EATING, *SHE-DEVILS!!!*

DID YOU JUST CALL ME...

KRAKK

...UGLY?!

S'OKAY THEN, LADY... I'M JAN TAKE THAT BACK...

YER NOT UGLY!

SURE ABOUT THAT? OR DO YOU NEED SOME MORE *THERAPY?*

HEY! COME ON, DOC! I WAS *HALLUCIN-ATING!*

I'M NOT A DOCTOR, BUT THERE IS A WAY I CAN HELP YOU.

ACTUALLY, THERE'S *NO WAY* YOU CAN HELP ME, SISTER. NOT BY A LONGSHOT. NOT UNLESS IT INVOLVES --

DESTROYING AN EVIL BOOK?

THE *NECRO-NOMICON?*

WHERE IS IT?!

NORTH AFRICA.

WHY IS EVERYONE AFTER THIS DAMN BOOK?

THE CHANCELLOR BELIEVES IT POSSESSES A DARK, SUPERNATURAL POWER...

...AND WHEN HE OFFERED AN ABSURD PRICE FOR THE WRETCHED THING, I SAID NOTHING TO MAKE HIM THINK OTHERWISE.

DELIVERING IT WILL BE NO EASY TASK, GENERAL. THE SOUTHERN TERRITORIES ARE CRAWLING WITH REBELS AND SPIES.

I SUGGEST WE DELAY OUR JOURNEY UNTIL DAWN.

NO NEED FOR ANY DELAY, GENERAL. IF WE TAKE THE 4X4S, WE CAN CUT THROUGH THE CANYON HERE.

THE TERRAIN IS TREACHEROUS, BUT WE'LL STEER CLEAR OF ANY REBELS.

GOOD WORK, MATEEZ. TAKE COMMAND OF THE CONVOY.

WE LEAVE TONIGHT.

DON'T THINK YOU CAN HIDE FROM ME, MATEEZ.

NOT AFTER YOU MADE ME LOOK LIKE A *DAMN FOOL!*

I'M NOT HIDING. AND ALL I DID WAS --

KRAK

YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD MY BACK, MATEEZ. BUT NOW, SUDDENLY...

YOU'VE *CHANGED.*

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

ME?

SHNNG

FWWWWKK

SHNNG

SHKKKK

HNNGGGGK--!

I'M NOBODY.

CHAPTER FOUR

NORTH AFRICA

...WELL? DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?

THAT'S A NEGATIVE, BASE CAMP.

THERE MUST BE *SOMEBODY* OUT THERE. OUR *PROXIMITY ALARM* DETECTED AN *INTRUDER.*

AN INTRUDER, HUH?

YOU SURE IT'S NOT THE *TWO STOOGES?*

DUTCH AND *MATEEZ* HAVEN'T CHECKED IN YET. GENERAL KAGE IS SUSPECTING A *SABOTEUR.*

COPY THAT, BASE CAMP. ADVISE THE GENERAL TO MOVE OUT WITH THE CONVOY.

ASSURE HIM THAT IF THERE IS A SABOTEUR OUT HERE...

FRROOOSH

...I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE TO GREET HIM!

HAHA HAHAHA!

THWOK

WAAAGH!

WHO THE--?!

GREETINGS.

MY CODE NAME IS SECRET AGENT ZERO.

AND WHAT I DO IS ORCHESTRATE CHAOS.

BUT THERE WAS A TIME BEFORE THE CHAOS.

A TIME WHEN THERE WAS ORDER IN MY LIFE.

I WAS A SOLDIER.

AN EXPERT SABOTEUR SERVING IN A SPECIALIZED COMMANDO UNIT.

I WAS COMMENDED BY MY SUPERIORS, AND WAS ONE DAY SINGLED OUT FOR A SECRET MISSION. IT WAS A MISSION SO SECRET THAT ONLY ONE MAN WOULD KNOW OF MY OBJECTIVE.

HE CALLED HIMSELF THE CHANCELLOR.

AND IT WAS A MISSION I SHOULD HAVE NEVER ACCEPTED.

THE CHANCELLOR BEGAN SENDING ME ON REMOTE OPERATIONS, ALL WHILE LEAVING MY SUPERIORS IN THE DARK.

I WAS SUBSEQUENTLY CLASSIFIED A ROGUE AGENT.

BUT THE CHANCELLOR WANTED MORE.

HE DEMANDED I PUSH THINGS FURTHER.

MY ACTIONS WOULD SOON PORTRAY VILLAINY.

AND IN THE EYES OF MY ALLIES, I HAD EFFECTIVELY BECOME THE ENEMY.

IT WAS MY INGLORIOUS DOWNFALL.

AND IT WAS ALL BY DESIGN.

IT WAS THIS **NOTORIETY** I'D CONCOCTED THAT WOULD ALLOW ME TO JOIN A SECRET COALITION OF VILLAINS--

THE HAMMER EMPIRE.

THEIR AMBITIONS WERE NOTHING SHORT OF **GLOBAL DOMINATION.**

AND THEY WERE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO SUCCEEDING.

THE TIME HAD FINALLY COME TO EXECUTE **MY MAIN OBJECTIVE.**

HE WAS THE LEADER OF THE HAMMER EMPIRE.

AND IT WAS MY JOB TO KILL HIM.

HIS ASSASSINATION WOULD BRING A MOMENT OF CHAOS TO THE HAMMER'S HIGH COMMAND. IT WOULD BE THE SAME MOMENT IN WHICH MY ALLIES WOULD STRIKE THEM DOWN, ELIMINATING THEIR THREAT FOR GOOD.

PFFFT PFFFT

IT WAS THE CULMINATING MOMENT OF MY ENTIRE OPERATION.

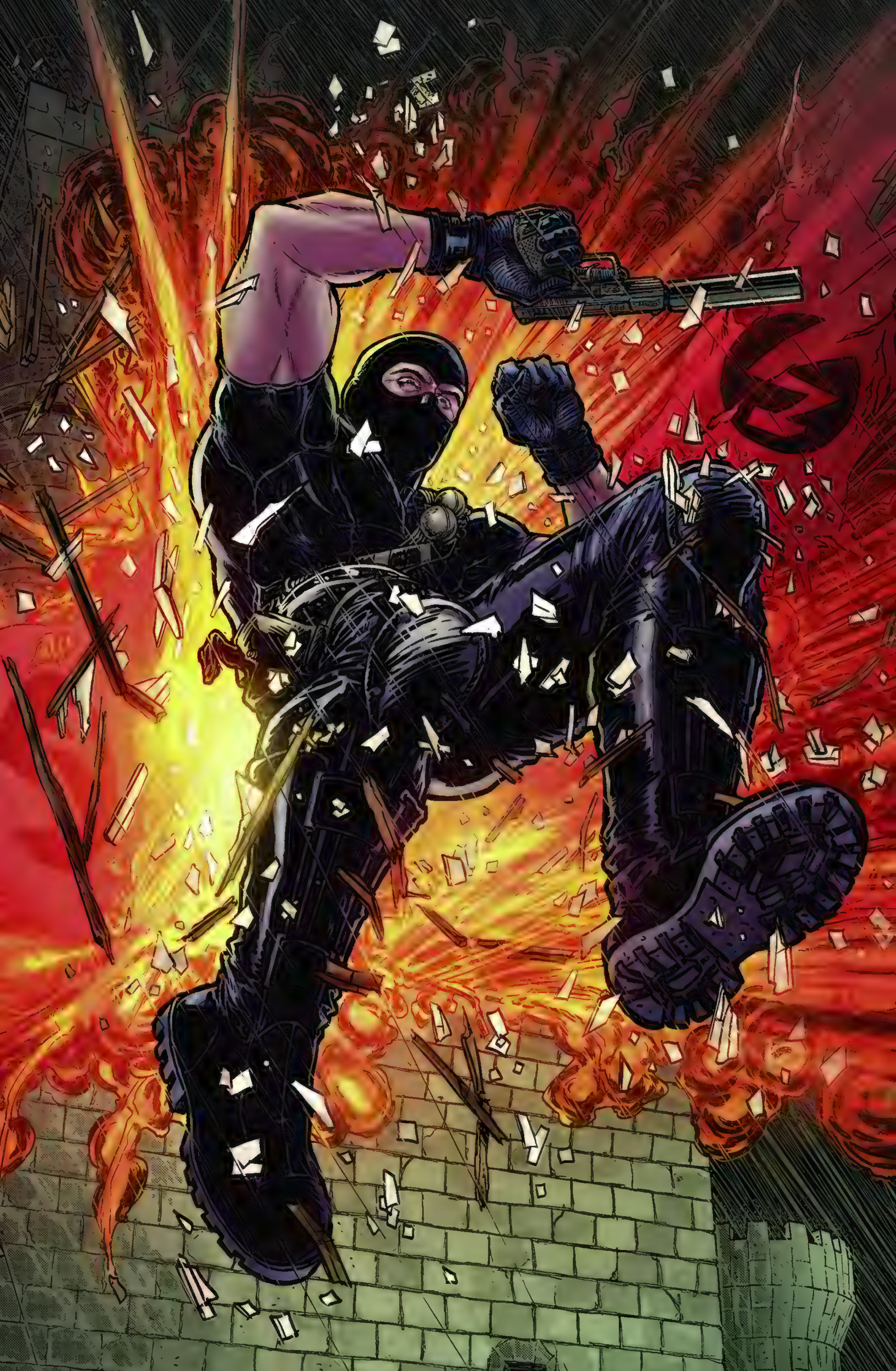
AND IT WAS A MOMENT THAT NEVER HAPPENED.

00:03

THE CHANCELLOR HAD SET ME UP. USED ME AS A PAWN IN A GAME FULL OF LIES.

AND I'D SPEND EVERY MOMENT FORWARD TRYING TO FIND OUT--

WHY?!



DANGER 6

COORDINATES: CLASSIFIED

DNG3R-6

OKAY, SYDNEY--SEEING AS HOW YOU SPRUNG ME FROM THE JOINT, I'M GONNA LET YOU IN ON MY SECRET...

YOU SEE THAT GUY THERE? THAT HANDSOME, SWASHBUCKLING BADASS WHO *SAVED THE WORLD?* FROM THAT *EVIL BOOK?* OVER *700 YEARS AGO?!*

WELL, THAT GUY IS NO *ANCESTOR* OF MINE, SWEETHEART...

THAT GUY IS ME.

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT *THAT?!*

YOU'RE *LAUGHING?* ARE YOU *KIDDING ME?*

SO NOW YOU THINK I'M A *CLOWN?!*

WELL, I DID SOME DIGGING... AND...

TAK

MEET ASHLEY THE CLOWN

WHAT THE...?!

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PICTURE?!
I SAID NO PICTURES THAT DAY!
WE DIDN'T TAKE THE PHOTO, ASH...
...AND WE DIDN'T TAKE THIS ONE EITHER.
BUT WE ARE IN A POSITION TO HELP. THE CRIMINAL CHARGES--
--THE EMBARRASSING PHOTOS--
IT CAN ALL BE ERASED.
YOUR ASSISTANCE IN RECOVERING THE NECRONOMICON, IN EXCHANGE FOR A *FULL PARDON.*
SO YOU *LAUGH AT ME...* AT MY AMAZING AND HEROIC STORIES... BUT YOU STILL WANT MY HELP FINDING THE BOOK? *WHY?*
BECAUSE TIME-TRAVELING BADASS OR NOT, WE *KNOW* THAT YOU'RE CONNECTED TO THAT *BOOK.*
YEAH? *HOW?*
THOSE *HALLUCINATIONS* YOU HAD? YOUR *VISIONS OF OUR POSSIBLE FUTURE...?*
YOU MEAN THE ONES WHERE EVERYONE'S *DEAD?*
THOSE VISIONS ARE GONE NOW, KID. THANKS TO THIS OLD THING.
RIGHT, AND THOSE CREEPY VISIONS DIDN'T EVEN START UNTIL ABBEY WOKE UP THE--
OOP!
NICE GOING, VAL.
WAIT A MINUTE...

YOU GUYS GOT ME INTO THIS MESS?!

YOU WOKE UP THE DAMN BOOK?!

THEY HAD A *GUN* TO ABBEY'S HEAD. SHE WAS FORCED TO *RECITE A PASSAGE.*

THANKS FOR PACKING MY BAG, KID, BUT I WANT *OFF THIS RIDE.*

PRONTO. NOW. COMPRENDE?

ARE YOU GOING AFTER THE NECRONOMICON? *WITHOUT* ABBEY?

THAT'S RIGHT, MALORIE.

VALERIE.

WHATEVER.

I DON'T *NEED* YOUR PARDONS, I DON'T *NEED* YOUR STINKIN' AMULETS--

AND I *DON'T* NEED ANY HELP FROM--

ABBEY?

DAMN.

PLEASE DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE--

I'M ABBEY CHASE.

YOU MUST BE ASH.

I, UH... ER, YEAH-- I'M...AHHH--

WOW. HE DIDN'T GO THAT GA-GA OVER YOU, SYDNEY.

AND I DIDN'T SAUNTER IN WEARING A *MACHINE GUN.* MALORIE.

LISTEN, ABBEY-- WHAT *MARBLE-MOUTH HERE* IS TRYING TO SAY IS THAT HE'S SOME SORT OF *TIME-TRAVELING BADASS...*

...WHEN HE'S *NOT* WORKING WEEKENDS AS A *CLOWN.*

A *WHAT?*

OHHH... NEVER MIND *HER,* ABBEY. SHE'S JUST MAD SHE'S NOT *BLONDE.*

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, ABBEY-- I'M *ASH.*

ALSO KNOWN AS *THE CHOSEN ONE.*

IT'S NICE TO FINALLY MEET--

FWUNK

YOOOOOU!

UMMM... THAT WAS MY FIRST TIME PACKING A PARACHUTE, SYDNEY. I HOPE IT ACTUALLY *DEPLOYS* FOR HIM.

THAT MAKES ONE OF US, VAL.

THAT SYDNEY HAS SOME SERIOUS ISSUES, ABBEY!

GIVE HER SOME CREDIT, ASH-- YOU WOULD HAVE NEVER JUMPED OUT ON YOUR OWN!

OHHH GREAT! SO THIS WAS YOUR IDEA, TOO?!

BECAUSE IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, WE ARE ABOUT TO DIE!

NOT IF WE GO AT THIS TOGETHER!

YOU MIGHT BE THE CHOSEN ONE, ASH, BUT THE NECRONOMICON IS ON MY TURF NOW! I KNOW THAT JUNGLE BETTER THAN ANYONE!

PARTNERS?!

PARTNERS!!

ZZZRIP

VVRRIP

OKAY. GOOD. WE MADE IT.

NOW WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?!

RIGHT ON TARGET. CARE FOR A LOOK?

WHAT AM I LOOKING AT? A CEMETERY?

WHY A CEMETERY, ABBEY? AND WHY IS IT GUARDED?

MOST OF THE DEAD HERE ARE BURIED WITH THEIR WEALTH. SOME OF THEM WITH MYSTIC TREASURES. GRAVEROBBERS ARE A CONSTANT THREAT.

GRAVEROBBERS, HUH?

WELL... GOOD THING WE'RE NOT GOING DOWN THERE THEN. I WOULDN'T WANT MY BABYDOLL TO WIND UP A *PERMANENT RESIDENT.*

"*BABYDOLL?*"

ASH, I THINK WE NEED TO CLEAR UP SOME CONFUSION HERE...

THIS *PAGE* IS SUPPOSED TO LEAD US BACK TO THE NECRONOMICON. BUT IT HASN'T EXACTLY TURNED INTO A *MAP.*

WELL, MAYBE WE'RE JUST NOT USING IT RIGHT.

OBVIOUSLY. BUT THAT'S ABOUT TO *CHANGE...*

WE'RE GOING DOWN THERE?

I'M GOING DOWN THERE. I NEED YOU UP HERE TO WATCH MY BACK.

YOU ANY GOOD WITH THAT *RIFLE?*

ANY GOOD? HOW'S *THAT?*

IMPRESSIVE. YOU ANY GOOD AT *SHOOTING* IT?

PLENTY. YOU JUST BETTER HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO *PROVE IT.*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE ANYWAY, ABBEY? LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO HELP US FIND THE BOOK?

SOMETHING? MORE LIKE *SOMEONE.*

OOOH NO... DON'T BE FOOLING AROUND, ABBEY.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO--

KLAATU VELORRA ENNKA.

ARE YOU CRAZY?! DID YOU JUST RECITE AN INCANTATION?

UMMMM... NO?

I JUST SAW AND HEARD YOU RECITE AN INCANTATION!

DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY, ASH. IT DIDN'T WORK.

NOTHING'S HAPPENING.

NOTHING'S HAPPENING?! DID YOU LOOK AT THE *MOON,* ABBEY?!

I SEE THE MOON, ASH. IT'S TURNED, LIKE...*BLOOD RED.*

THAT'S... *ODD.*

"ODD?" KIND OF LIKE THAT *HOWLING WIND?*

WHOA!

AND THAT SUDDEN BURST OF *COLD* THAT'S *NIPPLING* THROUGH THE AIR?

...COLD THAT'S NIP--

HEY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING MY BACK!

AND *YOU'RE* SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING *DESTROY* THE BOOK. NOT INVITING THE DAMN THING TO *KILL US!*

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ASH?

...ASH? YOU STILL THERE?

AND WHO DO WE HAVE HERE?

YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE *ABBEY CHASE?* THE INFAMOUS *THIEF* WANTED BY GENERAL KAGE?

THE SAME THIEF NOW POKING AROUND IN *MY* CEMETERY? DIGGING AROUND FOR VALUABLES...AND *WAKING THE DEAD?*

SHHNK

R.I.P.

OHHH-- I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO IDEA...

WHO HAS DARED TO DISTURB MY EARTHLY SLUMBER?

UMMM... THAT WOULD BE THIS GUY.

ME?

WHAT--

SHRRIP

HOLY CRAP! I DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE THEM ALL UP!

I THINK WE'RE IN TROUBLE HERE, ASH!

ASH?! WHERE ARE YOU?!

HOW DO WE STOP THESE THINGS?!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THEM, ABBEY.

DISMEMBERMENT.

YOU HAVE... A CHAINSAW?

FOR A HAND?!

YOU AND THE GIRLS MAY HAVE BEEN LEADING THIS DANCE...

BUT THIS IS WHERE I CUT IN!

CHAPTER FIVE

REVAUX
2011

MRAAAG BLUUB GLUB BLAAAARG.*

GRUUUG EELCH GLAAG GLOOOOG.*

*MY NAME IS PROFESSOR THEODORE KAGE.

*AND WHAT I USED TO BE WAS AN ARCHEOLOGIST.

IT WAS A LIFE ONCE FILLED WITH CONSTANT EXHILARATION--

--MY DAYS AND NIGHTS AWASH IN TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

AND ONCE I'D COME TO HOLD THE NECRONOMICON EX-MORTIS...

...IT WAS A LIFE THAT ABRUPTLY ENDED.

LEGENDS TOLD OF THE NECRONOMICON HOLDING DARK AND MYSTERIOUS POWERS.

DARKEST OF THOSE BEING ITS POWER TO RESURRECT THE DEAD.

WHILE UNDER COMMAND OF THE EVIL BOOK, THESE DESECRATED SOULS WOULD FIGHT TO DESTROY THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.

THEY WERE BLOODTHIRSTY GHOULS KNOWN AS THE DEADITES.

AND NOW...

...I'M ONE OF THEM.

BUT I KNOW OF SOMEONE WHO CAN BREAK THIS HELLISH CURSE...

A WOMAN WHO CAN SAVE MY SOUL BEFORE IT'S SWALLOWED FOR ALL ETERNITY...

HER NAME IS--

MRRRAA!*

--BLAARG ARRK OOOG!*

*ABBEY CHASE!

*YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! PLEASE!

AHHH! GET AWAY FROM ME!

NYYAAARG!*

BRRRZZZN

HOOOWAA!

*NYYAAARG!

...ASH?!

NO!

ABBEY?!

YOU PICK *NOW* TO THROW YOURSELF AT ME?

IT COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL *AFTER* I SAVED YOUR LIFE?

THIS ISN'T ABOUT *YOU*, ASH...

IT'S ABOUT HIM!

GLAARG?!*

*ME?!

I RECOGNIZE HIM NOW. *HE'S* THE ONE WE NEEDED TO RESURRECT!

THE *ONE*?! SO WHY'D YOU BRING 'EM *ALL* BACK TO LIFE, ABBEY?!

WAS GETTING US *KILLED* PART OF YOUR BRILLIANT STRATEGY?!

BLAM

THE NECRONOMICON ISN'T EASY TO CONTROL, ASH! YOU KNOW THAT BETTER THAN ANYONE!

WHAT I *KNOW* IS TO *NOT* EVEN TRY!

ESPECIALLY WHEN WE ONLY HAVE *ONE PAGE* FROM THE DAMN THING!

PROFESSOR KAGE CAN HELP US FIND THE BOOK, ASH.

HE'LL STILL BE A DEADITE, BUT THE *AMULET* SHOULD STOP HIM FROM WANTING TO *KILL EVERYONE.*

YOU HEARD HER, LEFTY--

BE A BIG BOY NOW AND *TAKE YOUR DAMN MEDICINE!*

EEyYyaARGH!

SO?

DID IT WORK?

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, ASH?!

HE'S *DEAD!*

AGAIN!

...ABBEY?

PROFESSOR KAGE! YOU'RE...

UMMM... TECHNICALLY?

...ALIVE?

WHAT HAPPENED?!

WELL, THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT ABBEY MANAGED TO *SAVE YOUR SOUL.*

THE BAD NEWS IS THAT YOU'RE STILL DEAD.

AND YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT.

ASH!

WHAT? ARE YOU SAYING HE *DOESN'T* LOOK LIKE--

BEHIND YOU!

KABLOOM!

DID I GET HIM?

YOU GOT HIM, ABBEY...

ALL OVER ME.

DOES ANY ONE HAVE A WET-NAP?!

FWOOOM

THESE THINGS ARE EVERYWHERE, ASH-- AND THAT *TRUCK* IS OUR ONLY TICKET OUT OF HERE!

WE JUST NEED A WAY TO GRAB HIS ATTENTION!

SPRAKAKAKAK

YOU WANT HIS ATTENTION, ABBEY?!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST STAND UP AND *FLASH HIM!*

NOT A BAD IDEA...

KRAKAKAKAK

ABBEY!

FWWOOOM

ASH!

JUMP!

NOW!

FWAP

OOOOO! THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A MARK!

BRZZ-ZZZOW

AGENT ZERO?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SAVING YOUR ASS, CHASE!

WE GOT EVERYONE ABOARD?

WHERE'S THE PROFESSOR?!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD HIM!

...ABBEY?

PROFESSOR?!

KRAK

KRSSSSH

GOOD EVENING, PROFESSOR.

HNNGH...

ANYTHING BROKEN?

HRRRNNGH!

YOU'LL LIVE.

OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU DO...

WELCOME, DEAR FRIENDS.

PLEASE, COME INSIDE AND *JOIN US.*

THE *CHANCELLOR* HAS BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

GENERAL KAGE. IT IS AN HONOR AND PRIVILEGE TO HAVE YOU IN MY HOME.

SHALL WE MARK THE OCCASION WITH A BANQUET?

YOUR HOSPITALITY IS APPRECIATED, CHANCELLOR, BUT I'M AFRAID WE MUST CONDUCT OUR *BUSINESS* WITH HASTE.

I UNDERSTAND, GENERAL.

IF YOU'LL SIMPLY FOLLOW ME DOWN TO THE ARMORY, ANEEKA AND HER FRIENDS WILL ENTERTAIN YOUR MEN.

WELL? IS ALL TO YOUR SATISFACTION?

IT IS, CHANCELLOR...

...BEYOND MY SATISFACTION.

THE ENTIRE LOT OF IT IS NOW YOURS, GENERAL.

THE REBELS' RECENT GAINS AGAINST YOUR FORCES WILL SOON BE LOST. YOUR ONLY PROBLEM *NOW* WILL BE DECIDING *HOW DEEP* YOU'D LIKE TO *BURY THEM.*

AND NOW, GENERAL...

I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR *ME.*

AS PER OUR AGREEMENT, CHANCELLOR--

THE NECRONOMICON.

MOST SPLENDID, GENERAL. SO IT TRULY *DOES* EXIST.

AND HAVE YOU MADE PROGRESS LOCATING THE *MISSING PAGE?*

MY MEN ARE STILL WORKING TO RECOVER IT. AND RECOVER IT THEY WILL, BUT--

BUT THE TASK HAS BEEN MORE DIFFICULT THAN ANTICIPATED. ESPECIALLY WHILE YOUR MEN CONTINUE TO FALL IN THE REBEL UPRISING.

GENERAL... WHAT IF I WERE TO HELP YOU WITH *MORE* THAN JUST WEAPONS? WHAT IF I WERE TO OFFER YOU A *BETTER CLASS OF SOLDIER?*

MY MEN SACRIFICE THEIR *LIVES* FOR OUR CAUSE. I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER CLASS OF MAN.

AND IT'S *BECAUSE* THESE MEN ARE WILLING TO DIE, GENERAL, THAT THEY ARE THE PERFECT CANDIDATES FOR A NEW...

...AND MORE DEADLY TYPE OF *ARMY.*

"I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE PARTNERS, ABBEY."

"WE ARE PARTNERS, ASH."

"BUT THAT'S JUST NOT GONNA HAPPEN..."

YOU'RE NOT WASHING MY BACK...

...AND I'M DEFINITELY NOT WASHING YOURS.

WELL, I WAS GONNA SAY THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING WEIRD ABOUT IT...

PLINK

...BUT I GUESS I'D BE WRONG.

HOW ARE THE REPAIRS COMING, ZERO?

NEARLY FINISHED HERE, ABBEY...

GZZZR

BUT WE STILL NEED ALL THOSE *TEETH* PLUCKED OUT OF THE *RADIATOR.*

I DIDN'T HEAR THE MAGIC WORD, SKIPPY...

SO JUST KEEP THOSE DAMN PLIERS AND GO *PLUCK YOURSELF.*

DOES HE KNOW I KILL PEOPLE?

REAL PEOPLE?

ZERO. DON'T. *I'LL* PULL THE TEETH OUT.

ASH? WOULD YOU *PLEASE* ASK PROFESSOR KAGE IF HE'S LOCATED THE NECRONOMICON YET?

AND ASK HIM *NICELY?*

NO PROBLEM. *PARTNER.*

HEY. GRUESOME. WHERE'S THE BOOK?

ARE YOU LISTENING, BONEHEAD?! I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!

SMAK

EEYAAAG!

OOOOAAAGGG!

ASH? WHAT HAPPENED?!

I DON'T KNOW! I JUST ASKED HIM ABOUT THE BOOK--*NICELY*--AND HE GOT ALL CREEPY AGAIN!

LIKE *DEADITE* CREEPY!

IT WAS A *VISION FROM THE BOOK*, ABBEY.

IT WAS CALLING OUT TO ME... CALLING FOR ME TO *RETURN THE MISSING PAGE.*

I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE NECRONOMICON!

WELL THEN... SOUNDS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME.

YOU DIDN'T PLAN ON SAVING THE WORLD WITHOUT ME, DID YOU?

CHAPTER SIX

THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

MY ENTIRE BATTALION!

ALL OF THEM *MURDERED* BY YOUR *EVIL MAGIC BOOK!*

YOUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR, GENERAL. AND TO WIN THAT WAR, YOU MUST BE WILLING TO MAKE SOME... *SACRIFICES.*

THIS WASN'T PART OF THE DEAL, CHANCELLOR!

YOU PROMISED ME AN *EDGE* IN THAT WAR IN EXCHANGE FOR THE BOOK!

WHAT I PROMISED, GENERAL, WAS A *BETTER CLASS OF SOLDIER.*

AND WHAT YOU *DELIVERED* WAS A BATTALION OF *DEAD MEN!*

HOW EXACTLY DOES THAT GIVE ME AN *EDGE*?!

WHY NOT DISCOVER THAT FOR YOURSELF?

MRRAGG

WHAT THE #@$%?!

WHAT IS THAT THING?!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

MRRAGG

QUITE RESILIENT, AREN'T THEY?

RESILIENT?! THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THEM?!

BEHOLD, GENERAL...

THE RISE OF OUR MODERN-DAY--

ARMY of DARKNESS

OUR ABILITY TO WIN WARS IS NO LONGER IN QUESTION, GENERAL.

THE ONLY QUESTION NOW IS --

"WHO WOULD DARE TRY TO STOP US?!"

THAT'S IT-- THE CHANCELLOR'S FORTRESS.

I SEE IT, ASH-- BLOOD RED.

AND CHECK OUT THAT CREEPY MOON, ABBEY. LOOK FAMILIAR?

WHICH MEANS...?

SOMEONE'S USING THE NECRONOMICON!

WE'VE GOTTA GET DOWN THERE. FAST!

I SAY WE BASE JUMP. WE'VE GOT FOUR PARACHUTES, ABBEY.

AND FIVE PEOPLE, SYDNEY. WE CAN'T LEAVE ANYONE BEHIND.

...SOLVING THAT PROBLEM.

--WHAT THE--?!

RACE YOU TO THE FORTRESS, PROFESSOR!

LAST ONE THERE IS A ROTTEN... CORPSE!

YOU THREW HIM OFF THE CLIFF?!

WHY WOULD YOU EVEN DO THAT?!

WHY WOULDN'T I, ABBEY?

GUY WAS NOTHING BUT DEAD WEIGHT.

YOU WOULDN'T BECAUSE WE STILL NEED HIM!

STILL NEED HIM? WHY?

PERIMETER THREE TO BASE CAMP--YOU BETTER ALERT THE CHANCELLOR...

TELL HIM WE'VE FOUND...

...SOMETHING.

OKAY, SO WE NEEDED HIM-- *FINE!* NO USE CRYING ABOUT IT NOW, ABBEY.

ONCE THE NECRONOMICON GETS THAT *PAGE* BACK, IT'S GONNA COME AFTER US *FULL FORCE.*

OUR ONLY CHANCE NOW IS FINDING THAT *AMULET.*

AND YOU WANT *US* TO GO TRACK IT DOWN?

WHERE ARE *YOU* GOING?

WELL, IF YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED YET, I'M NOT EXACTLY THE QUIET AND SNEAKY TYPE...

KRRR

THIS IS THE INTRUDER?

MY BROTHER?

MY DEAD BROTHER?!

HIS RESURRECTION CONFUSED US AS WELL, GENERAL.

BUT THEN WE FOUND HIM HOLDING--

--THIS.

THE MISSING PAGE! IT'S FINALLY MINE!

YOU'RE A FOOL, CHANCELLOR! YOU'LL NEVER CONTROL THE NECRONOMICON!

NO ONE CAN!

NO ONE EXCEPT--

THE CHOSEN ONE!

ZZRRAKK

IT IS I WHO WILL BECOME THE NEXT CHOSEN ONE!

NOT IN THIS LIFE, CHANCELLOR!

SHANNG

WHAT THE--?!

SPLAAARGG

JOIN US
JOIN US
JOIN US

ALRIGHT, YOU ROTTEN BASTARDS...

ALL OF YOU AT ONCE, HUH?!

I CAN DEAL WITH THAT!

I'M JUST GONNA NEED--

ZZZRRWWWLWLWLW

FRWOOOSH

--A BIGGER--

--BLADE!

FWWWOP

FWWWOP

FWWWOP

FOOOMP

FOOOMP

FOOOMP

WHOOOOA SHIT!

FWUUMP

KLANG

WHAT WAS THAT BIG KLANG?! WAS THAT ASH?!

HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM

FRWOOSH

UMMM... SYDNEY?!

I SEE IT, ABBEY.

YOU BETTER HANG ON TO SOMETHING...

RRROOOAR

WHAT THE--?!

WHO ORDERED THE #@$%ING SQUID?!

KRA-

KOOOM

THERE! IT'S *THE NECRONOMICON!*

IT'S SOMEHOW FEEDING *POWER* TO THAT *MONSTER!*

GREAT! SO HOW DO WE *STOP* IT?!

BY TAKING A BIG LEAP OF FAITH!

ZZZRRAK

OOOMF!

SHE'S GOT THE BOOK!

YES!

NO!

ABBEY!

GET RID OF THAT #@$%ING BOOK!

JOIN US

JOIN US

JOIN US

JOIN US

JOIN US

THAT DAMN BOOK-- IT'S SOMEHOW TAKEN CONTROL OF ABBEY!

I CAN STILL SAVE HER! YOU GOTTA TRUST ME, ZERO!

YOU JUST GOTTA CUT ME LOOSE!

SHHNNNG

FWPPP

SORRY, PAL!

JOIN US

JOIN US

JOIN US

I'LL SWALLOW YOUR SOUL!

ABBEY!

THAP

SWALLOW THIS, MOTHER #@$%ER!

FWRAAAK

KRAKOOOM

...ABBEY?

ABBEY!

ABBEY...?

ABBEY ARE YOU STILL IN THERE?!

ABBEY? YOU'RE ALIVE?!

ARE YOU REALLY... YOU AGAIN?!

...MMMF?!

SWAAP

I GUESS THAT'S A YES?!

KRAKOOM

SO THAT'S IT, ABBEY? I HELP SAVE THE WORLD, AND WE DON'T EVEN GET TO TRY ANY OF THAT PRETENDING-WE'RE-MARRIED SPY STUFF?

MAYBE NEXT TIME, ASH.

"MAYBE NEXT TIME..."

THE END...?

COVER GALLERY

Issue One Cover by
NICK BRADSHAW

Issue One Cover by
J. SCOTT CAMPBELL

Issue One Cover by
PAUL RENAUD

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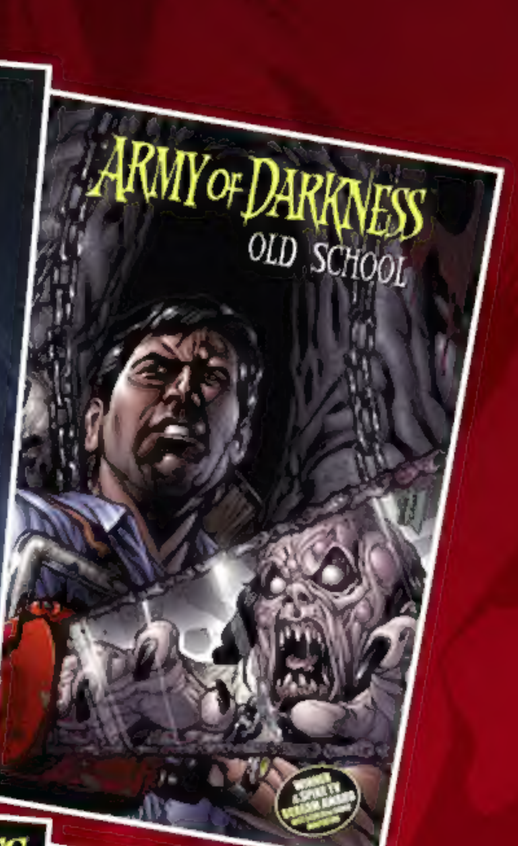
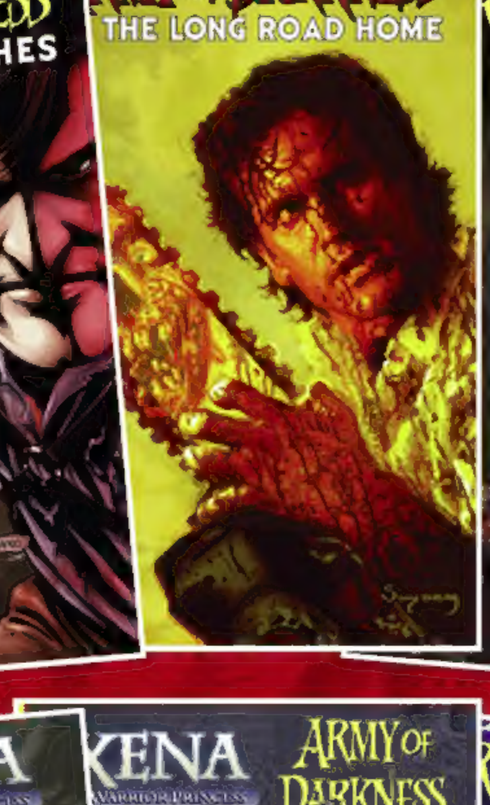
ARMY of DARKNESS

GRAPHIC NOVEL COLLECTION





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"What do you get when to take two popular franchises and slam them together? If it has Abbey Chase from *Danger Girl* and Ash from *Army of Darkness* in it, the answer is awesome. 4 out of 5 Stars." - Major Spoilers

The wise-cracking, butt-kicking hero **ASH WILLIAMS** teams up with the globe-trotting superspies known as the **DANGER GIRLS!** When Abbey Chase, the world's most daring adventurer, discovers that the mysterious Book of the Dead has fallen into nefarious hands, she leads the Danger Girls on a mission to track down the ancient tome. They soon find that the remnants of the evil Hammer Empire are alive, vengeful, and using the Necronomicon's supernatural power to raise an unstoppable legion of Deadites. Enter Ash, a man with a personal vendetta and (quite literal) hand in the book's sordid history! Will Ash and the Danger Girls save the day?

COLLECTION FEATURES

- The complete, 6-issue mini series written by *Danger Girl* co-creator Andy Hartnell and illustrated by Chris Bolson (*Red Sonja*)
- A complete cover gallery featuring *Danger Girl* co-creator J. Scott Campbell, Nick Bradshaw (*Wolverine and the X-men*), and Paul Renaud (*Red Sonja*)

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